The Ohio Society to Give a Ladies' Reception in December-Mr. and Mrs. John Bigelow Back in Town for the Winter-Distinguished Guests to attend the Chamber of Commerce Banquet To-Morrow.



OIREES dansante. kettledrums and amateur theatricals will all begin with some zest after Thanksgiving is over, but with the exception of the Appleton-Ovington nuptials on Wednesday evening this week promises to be dull.

On Tuesday evening of next week Mrs. Charles H. Leland, wife of the President of the Sixth National Bank, will give a dance

at her home, 162 Madison avenue. The Ohio Society will give a ladies' reception in December.

Mrs. Anson Phelps Stokes, of 19 East Thirty-fourth street, will give a "tea" on Saturday afternoon, Nov. 26. Mrs. H. D. Farwell, of 9 East Seventy-

Mrs. H. D. Farwell, of 9 East Seventyninth street, will give a reception on Dec. 1.

Mr. Lawrence W. Miller, a Wall street
broker, and Miss Isabella Sawyer, had a large
wedding on Wednesday evening in Boston,
the home of the bride.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver S. Carter, née Potter,
will receive their friends at their new home
in this city, 150 West Fifty-ninth street, on
Fridays, Dec. 9 and 16.

Miss Krebbs, who has returned from a summer abroad, will introduce her niece, Miss
Shope, this winter.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bigelow and the Misses
Bigelow have closed their country seat at
Highland Falls, and returned to their home
in Gramercy park for the winter.

Lord Cairns is so fickle that although his
marriage and that of Miss Berens is announced for early in December, it will not
be credited until it has taken place. Miss
Berens was an intimate friend of Miss Adele
Grant during her engagement to Lord Garmoyle in 1885.

Mrs. Van Volkenburgh, of 818 Madison. moyle in 1885.

Mrs. Van Volkenburgh, of 818 Madison

Dec. 3.
Mr. Ira K. Morris, of Staten Island, and

Mr. Ira K. Morris, of Staten Island, and Miss Sarah Roberts will be married on Wednesday evening at the home of the bride, in Trenton, N. J. .

Miss Eleanor Winslow will be entertained at luncheon on Thursday by Mrs. Frederick Esler, of 12 West Tenth street.

Capt. and Mrs. Price. nee Hargous, will live at West Point on their return from their wedding journey.

Mrs. John Sherwood, the first Vice-President, will act as President of the "Causeries de Lundi" until January, when the regular election will take place.

election will take place.

election will take place.

Covers for 212 persons will be laid at Delmonico's to-morrow evening at the one hundred and nineteenth anniversary banquet of the Chamber of Commerce. The guests will include Joseph Chamberlain, Secretary Fairchild, Secretary Lamar, W. R., Creamer, M. P., Halley Stewart, M. P., Carl Schurz, Sir George Campbell, M. P., Mayor Hewitt, George William Curtis, John Bigelow and Chauncy M. Denew. C. S. Smith, will prehauncy M. Depew. C. S. Smith will pre-Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fry are visiting Mrs.

Fry's mother at Philadelphia.

Col. Laycock, Mr. Joseph Stickney, Mr. Lake and Mr. Horace Waldo are having a week's gunning on the James River.

Mrs. Satterthwaite, ef 175 Second avenue, will give a reception on Dec. 1.

## TRAITS OF BROKERS.

Several prominent stock brokers have clossomed out in fur-trimmed overcoats, Harvey Durand is one of the solid men on street. He is not given to fashionable

John de Mott never attempts anything in the way of style. He prides himself on being a self-made man. Starr H. Nichols is a smooth-faced, clerical-looking gentleman. He has published several poetical works.

Charles George Wilson, President of the Consolidated Exchange is one of the best-looking of downtown business men. He dresses soberly in black.

R. A. Peabody, one of the Stock Exchange traders, is a handsome man and is always well dressed. His office in New street, how-ever, is a severely plain establishment.

Henry Clewes is a self-made man. The lamented Travers once suggested to Clews that it would have been a good plan if the latter, when making himself, had put some hair on his head.

Theodore W. Myers, the successful candidate on the Democratic ticket for Comptroller, is one of the big men downtown. He is always over his ears in business, but finds time to devote to his friends, who are legion. Ex-Commodore Smith, of the New York Yacht Club, affects nothing in the direction of fashion, but he is one of the most genial of downtown brokers, and his office in the Mills Building is always crowded with his

Chairman Peters is one of the most popular men on the Oil Board. With all his geniality he is a strict disciplinarian. His commanding stature and fierce mustache him a marked man among his fellow-

No One Need Fear a Cough if they can get RIERT'S EXISCTORANT. Always insist on having RIERT'S and you are positively sure of perfect astisfaction. Sold almost everywhere. Half-poin british, 60 cents. WM. B. RIERT & SON. Druggists and Manniacturing Chemists, 353 6th ave., New York. Established 42 years. HOW YOUNG GIRLS EXERCISE.

They Walk Down Fifth Avenue in the Kee November Air.



small blonde of Ger.

man birth, who managed to cover a large number of miles in a short time, greatly to the admiration of the ladies. She has since abandoned her mission as a public apostle of physical culture, and is walking on the sawdust track of fame, having taken to art.

The taste for walking, however, is getting to be the vogue again with young girls. Scores of them may be encountered on Fifth avenue any pleasant day in the afternoon.

Scores of them may be encountered on Fifth avenue any pleasant day in the afternoon. The bustle and other mysterious agencies which enter into the framework of a woman's toilet do not make walking an entirely free and easy thing. But some of the young women get over the ground with a vigorous swinging gait which does them infinite credit. They know that walking puts a rich color into their cheeks and a sparkle into their eyes. It is exhilarating, in the cool November air, and their bright lips, slightly ajar, show a glimpse of white teeth now and then, as they break into the smile which comes so readily to them under the invigorating physical glow of perfect health.

under the invigorating physical glow of per-fect health.

It does them more good than breathing the velvety sea air that blows on them as they roll along Bellevne avenue at Newport, or in-haling the pure atmosphere of the Berkshire Hills, where they pilot their village carts through the lovely lanes and by ways of

Both of these are tonics, and the "bud" of the last season, who has blown almost to the point of wilting slightly during the hot rush

point of wilting slightly during the hot rush of the winter gayety, revives under them visibly. But here in New York they get even more of a draught from the fountain of health by exercising themselves in a brisk walk of three or four miles.

See those two young girls swinging along by the New York Club, They have an action as fite as that of a thoroughbred horse. The neatly booted feet, with an honest heel in the place that the heel should be instead of a frightfully high-pitched French abomination that slopes almost under the instep, are planted with a firm, quick step, springy and vigorous. The shoulders are erect and well back, and they hold their heads up with a beaming expression on their ruddy faces.

Their gait is a measuredly brisk one without any haste, and the stride is free, but not too

any haste, and the stride is free, but not too swinging. They are out for their constitu-tional and it doesn't detract from the pleas

tional and it doesn't detract from the pleasure of it to know that many a masculine eye is
taking in their points and applauding them
silently.

The majority of the walkers are young
girls, with an occasional matron, brisk but not
to friskiness, showing that Hymen's bonds
do not weigh too heavily upon her. It is a
graceful and a profitable fashion, and it
helps them to what is so much to woman,
health, beauty and ease of movement.

[From a New York Letter.] I have often remarked that bartenders were very clean, healthy looking men. If they are not rosypailor. I recently asked a refined member of the

cheeked there is a wholesome brightness in their pailor. I recently asked a refined member of the city bar why it was that his confreres so often succeeded in cultivating the fresh attractiveness of physiognomy for which they are remarkable.

'Well," he replied, "'I don't feel sure that we are any scalinier than other classes of workers. Our work is not heavy, but it is steady, and is sufficient to draw our minds away from the petty cares of life that often takes the flesh off of people. When I started in serving drinks I was a nervous young fellow and weighed about a hundred and twenty-five pounds. Now I weigh a hundred and sixty, and if the building opposite fell over backwards I might not think it worth while going out to look at the runs. It is a very easy life, and customers seem to think us personages. Some of the richest and most dignified men in rown will come in here and talk cordially on all sorts of subjects with me, politics, sport, even art, and more than likely they will ask me to drink with them. Good treatment like that is healthy. So if I am in better shape today than the average man it is because I work calmiy, get used well by clever people and never drink more than my system can take care of . I am in a good place. I never have to look out for fights. Our "rusher" takes care of that part of the business. If any builets should commence flying I am prepared to step right behind tals valuable suit of steel armor, I had it put beaund here for just that emergency. The reason I am so clean is because the boss wouldn't have me here if I was dirty."

Now the gorgeous Indian summer, Golden, meliow Indian summer. Crowning glory of the season, Golden, inclined Indian summer.
Crowning glory of the season,
Throws her filmy, hazy mantic
Over all the dreamy landscape;
Tempts the peni-up stitled burglar
From his prison-house to wander,
Out through trackless depths of forest
With its leafly, rusting carpet,
Out of wide and salimmiring prairie
Where the very air is laden
With the reastul sign of Nature
In her dolce far niente.
Little know ye, luckless dwellers
In the arid regions eastward,
Of the glory of the autumn
In the Mississippl Valley—
How its fragr. noe it imparteth
In a measure that ye know not
To her wealth of vegetation.
See the ripe but humble pumpkin,
How it yieldeth up its treasure
In a creamy, lusclous richness
Such as nowhere in New England
Ever tempts the sated palate
Of the angular, dysp ptic,
Lean, and hungry Orients
Doomed to wabuter ail life's journey
On the shores of the Atlantic,
Come ye Westward ye unhappy,
Mournful, sour, restless pligrim.
Come and see our Indian summer,
And then die if you feel like it.

Her First Sponge Cake.

He-How kind of you, darling! I will always keep it before me.
She—What do you mean? Why don't you eat it?
He—Eat it? Great Scott! I thought it was a paper-weight.

## ARTISTS IN CENTRAL PARK

MUCH BOTHERED BY THE "KEEP OFF THE GRASS" SIGNS.

Young Ladies Often Molested by Lonfey While Sketching-The Metropolitan Musenm of Art a Great Attraction Secluded Nooks with Picturesque Outlooks-Pretty Bits of Color in Autumn Foliage.



ENTRAL PARK offers many a tempting bit to the landscape artist, especially in artist, especially in the fall of the year when the coloring has became rich with the glowing tints of autumn. Artists like to get in some secluded nook from which a picturesque outlook is afforded and transfer a bit of nature to their canvas. Sometimes

the site from which

the best composition is to be gotten may be on the lawn or some sacred precinct from which the public is debarred by the small sign with the inhospitable command Keep Off the Grass."

To avoid these restrictions which stand in the way of a thorough exercise of their art, the painters who like to wander in the Park for pictorial bits secure permits from the Commissioners which give them license to wander as they will or as nature may woo

wander as they will or as nature may woo them.

Many of these sketchers are young women, the same who repair to the Metropolitan Museum and make copies of the pictures there. With their box of colors, or sketchbook, they stay about until some beautiful spot that makes a picture to their eye crops out. Then they settle down and paint it.

One would imagine that a respectable young woman, who comported herself with the dignified reserve of a lady, would escape all possible molestation in an occupation of this kind. They do, as a rule, but occasionally remarks or insufferable attentions from tramps or worthless loafers come to jar the serene poise of their artist fancies.

One graceful young girl, accustomed to

serene poise of their artist fancies.

One graceful young girl, accustomed to go to the Park to sketch, was wandering through a portion removed from the crowd and off the walks, looking about for a good subject on which to exercise her brush. Another young girl was with her. The young artist was carrying her pocketbook in her hand, as women do on all occasions when they are out of doors. Suddenly a fellow who was slouching along grabbed at it. low who was slouching along grabbed at it. The other girl fied, greatly alarmed at this imitator of Claude Duval. Not so the artistic young woman. She remarked coolly to the follow: "It will hardly pay you to steal that pocketbook, as there is only fifteen cents in it."

in it."

"I don't want your pocketbook. I only thought I'd help you down the steps," returned the man, slightly abashed.

"Thanks! I am quite able to get down without your assistance," she answered, with the same cool possession of herself.

"Now, wouldn't you like to take a ride in a Lohengrin boat?" said the fellow, wheed-linely.

lingly.

The young girl's eyes glittered rather ominously. The fact is, she lost her temper over the ill-mannered wretch who found his pleasure in annoying her.

"If I can see an officer, I will get you a ride in a Lohengrin boat!" she returned with indication flashing a glance of withering

indignation, flashing a glance of withering contempt upon him.

He seemed to feel that she might get an officer pretty quickly, for he took himself off

officer pretty quickly, for he took himself off.
On another occasion a young woman had
got into the bridle-path, and was walking
along until she could find a place to get out,
when a fellow on the other side saw her.
There was nobody near, and the man began
to walk along on his side of the fence.
"Ah, there, birdie!" he exclaimed.
The young lady took no heed of him, but
walked calmly on.
"I know what you are after. You are looking for chestnuts," continued the fellow, in
a coaxing tone.

this was amost too much for her sense or humor. The picture that she made to her mind of herself walking calmly along on one side of the fence, and this idiot profering idyllic remarks as he trailed along on the other was too humorous. But she kept herself in and showed no trace of perceiving him. As she neared an outlet into a more frequented part of the park the fellow dropped behind.

Of course these appropriates are a little dis-

Of course these annoyances are a little dis-couraging to young maidens whose souls are bent on art. But, although impudence of this kind may occasionally come to pass, most young women with respect for themselves can make these would be mashers keep their place. A good example made of one of them, however, would have very great effect.

MEN MET AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

Police Commissioner French is said to be an expert poker player and to favor big stakes.

Inspector Williams is distinguishing him-self by hard work in his district. He never sleeps on his post. Inspector Steers has recovered fully from his recent illness and is hard at work as usual with long hours and irregular meals.

During Supt. Murray's twenty years' service on the police force only one charge has been preferred against him and that one

Capt. Killilea surprised police headquarters by appearing in full police uniform, with his hands encased in tan-colored kids, heavily braided on the back.

Officer Webb, of the type-writing squad, is suffering from abcesses on the spine, the re-sult of a baseball collision during a match game two years ago.

THE MAN IN THE CORNER.

The Truth About a Sleepy Passenger Who Aroused a Conductor's Conscience.



a Broadway and Seventh avenue surface line car.

He had a night run and he was displeased : not with that fact, however, but with a real or fancied surveil lance on his move ments.

"See that bloke sittin' in the corner, asked he of an Evenino World reporter in a whisper indicating suppressed excitement. The individual referred to was a brown-

bearded, fine-looking man of about thirty years who had seated himself comfortably in a corner of the car and so arranged himself that his face was turned directly upon the fare register. He did not seem to be regard-ing this cunningly-contrived device to pre-vent the cheating of street railway compa-nies, but appeared to be enjoying a gentle sleen.

nies, but appeared to be enjoying a gentle sleep.

The reporter acknowledged that he could not help seeing the man, not being blind, and the conductor continued, "Well, I know that bloke. He looks very cooney with his half-closed eyes. He's good at figures with his eyes shut, an' you can bet he can tell every man, woman an' child that's got on the car since he boarded her at Fourteenth street. An' what's more, he knows whether they all paid an' if the register recorded the nickel every time. He's one of them sneak spotters.

I've been on to his nibs for about three weeks," the conductor went on as he absent-mindedly put a fare in his private pocket and forgot to sound the registering gong. He's always just like he is now, pretendin' sleep, but just the same with an eye on the

register.
"Hello! What's wrong now? I must 'a "Hello! What's wrong now? I must a forgot to ring up a fare," and the persecuted conductor vanked the indicator-cord and reluctantly changed the misplaced nickel back into the company's pocket, while the supposed spotter, who had suddenly become alert to his surroundings, dropped back in his corner apparently satisfied.

"Say, that feller'll be the death of me. I can't stand him on the car to the Battery. I

"Say, that feller'll be the death of me. I can't stand him on the car to the Battery. I must get rid of him some way."

In his desperation the conductor grasped the register pull and gave it five jerks in quick succession, which represented as many passengers who had not boarded the car on the trip or else had done so before the supposed spotter had taken his station in the corner.

The bearded man slowly opened his eyes, looked at the desperate-looking conductor with an air of surprise, glanced out of the window, saw he was at the Post-Office, alighted from the car at the same time as THE EVENING WORLD man asked "What have you been doing to-night, old boy?" and started to make a report on his assignment.

He was an innocent reporter, and not at all the wicked spotter the conductor though

A DOLLAR DINNER FOR FOUR

Contributed Daily to "The Evening World" by One of the Best Known City Chefs. At to-day's market prices the material for this dinner can be purchased for \$1.

FISH. Baked Perch with Pork. DESSERT. Squash Pie. Baked Apples. American Cheese. Coffee.

Dainties of the Market.

Prime rib rozat, 18c, to 20c.
Prime rib rozat, 18c, to 20c.
Sir loin steak, 18c. to 20c.
Leg mutton, 16c.
Leg weal, 20c.
Kuglish mutton chope, 25c.
Lemb lund'eter, 18c. to 16c.
Veal cutlete, 28c.
Sweetbreade, 86 per dozen.
Calves' heads, 50c. to 60c.
Rozating pig, 33.50 seach.
Spring chicken, 12c. to 20c., to 20c.
Pry-dicked turkeys, 12c. to 20c.
Dry-dicked turkeys, 12c. to 20c.
Rozating ducks, 18c. to 20c.
Canvassback, 84 pair.
Grouse, 81.50 pair,
Partridge, 75c. to 81.25 pair.
Rosed birds, 81 dozen.
Rodbacks, 81.50 pair,
Redbacks, 81.50 pair,

Tesl, 13c, to 90c, pair, Capons, 25c, 1b. Quail, \$8, 50 doz. English snipe, \$8 doz. Plover, \$3 doz. Rabbits, 25c, apiece. Rabbits, 25c, apiece. Venison, 20c, to 25c, Woodcock, \$1 pair. Fresh cod tongues, 12c, 1 lbc, 1b.

resh mackerel, 12c.

Shrimps, \$1.50 per gallon, Scallops, \$1 per gallon, Colery, 12c, bunch, Peas, 30c, half-peck, Squashes, 10c, to 15c, Pumpkins, 20c, Mushrooms, \$1 quart. Onions, 15c, to 20c, half-peck, Cauliflowers, 10c, quart. Horseradish, 10c, root. Sweet potatoes, 20c, half-peck, peck, Caulifour, 10c, peck, Caulifour, 10c, peck, 10

to Deck.
Lima beans, 20c. quart.
Egg plants, 10c.
Oyster plant, 10c. a bunch.

Answers to Correspondents.

Answers to Cerrespondents.

R. B.—Conviction of a felony carries with it forfeiture of the right to vote. Conviction of a miagemeanor does not carry forfeiture with it. It does not matter whether the man serves in the State prison or in the county juil, or runs away and does not serve at all. It is the offense that he commits that bars him from voting.

D. A. V.—'Who is Tam O'Shanter? What nationality was he? Why were the witches pursuing him?' Really, The World has no information in addition to that which Burns furnishes in his poem. From his accent Tam was a Scotchman, and the witches ran after him because he poked his nose into a place where he had no business to poke it.

Happy Days Ahead. [From the Washington Critic.]
The future now looks brighter,
And better days are nigh,
For closs before us we may see
Roast turkey and mince pie.

[From the Chicago Inter Ocean.]
A woman's skin is like a piece of satin, and will not stand rubbing, ribsing or soaking. If it is to retain the delicacy of texture and wear without wrinkles or discoloration, it must be cared for as a belle pets her laces and lingerie or a matron her bridal finery.

There is no prescription and no one remedy that will cure all patients. The thing to do is to study effects. Hot water is good for one face and the injury of eleven; giveerine is the bete noir of blondes and the dealsh to brunelte beauties; some skins never chap and others will show eruptions and discoloration in midsummer.

There are no women who lake the care of their faces professionals do. To them health is beauty and beauty capital. Reary actress has her own methods of preserving her complexion, and soapy water is not one of them.

methods of preserving her complexion, and soapy water is not one of them.

Soap should not be used on the face, as there are chemicals which shine and dry the skin. One scrubing a month is a sufficiency, unless one has been travelling through a coal mine. The best way to make up the face is to rub it with a soft line or common cloth till all the diff comes off. The friction should be sufficient to quicken perspiration, thus opening the pores of the axin, without it will be sufficient to quicken perspiration, thus opening the pores of the axin, without itrilating it. When the cloth rubs clean dip it in coid cream and, after working it in the face, rub it dry. There are creams and creams, but, if the pure dairy product cannot be procured, here is a substitute that can be warrented. It will cost in the neighborhood of \$2, but half the quantity prepure dairy product cannot be procured, here is a substitute that can be warranted. It will cost in the netighborhood of \$2, but half the quantity prescribed will suffice for six months: Almond oil, 30 grains; sisermaceti, 60 grains; white wax, 30 grains; thetere benzolne, 15 grains; oil of rose, 5 droys. Mix wax, significant almond oil in a hot-water bath. Remove from the fire and sir until snowy; then add the other ingredients and heat until coid and white. Bottle in a piste-vial or lelly-cup with glass cover, and use whenever the face needs cleaning. Don't tell your husband or he will fancy you are greasy and make your life miserable.

When it is desired to use powder the simplest is the best. Those with rice flour or prepared daik for the basis are harmiess. Powder may be used when driving or travelling to project signified dust. French chalk is the best and most harmless of all for that purpose.

Don't bite your lifts, it takes all the color out of them, and keep your tongue in your mouth if you want to keep them from being chappe?

It is absolutely necessary to carry a priwder-rag if a vell is not worn, for a dirly face is only a matter of twenty minutes in the business part of the city.

sometimes carry when walking out with the dogs. eeth would leave too many traces behind; and his most eloquent pleadings to have it " just once" are always met with a steady denial. One day I had accidentally left this cane lying upon the lawn, and I saw from an upper window a struggle of Smith's conscience over his wishes that really did him the greatest credit. As he was playing about the lawn by himself he suddenly come unswares upon the long-covered treasure. He stopped and stared at it eagerly, and then looked carefully round him. I was hidden behind the window currian, and there was nobody in sight. Then began the battle with himself. He looked at the slick, he smelt carefully all the way along; he drew back a little to gaze at it, and locked his lips with the delight of anticipation. Then he approached and smelt it once more, and it seemed just as if he must take it and pull it to pieces, as he loves to do. But all of a sudden his better nature came to his aid. He turned his back upon impation and sat down with his head the other way, guarding the trea-ure till his mistress should claim it, but not touching himself what he knew he was not allowed to have. This may seem a small victory to those who do not know Smith's passion for a stick, but such of his friends who are aware of this trait will appreciate his self-restraint. are always met with a steady denial. One day i

[From the Danbury News.]
In one of the vicinity towns there is a young gir about twelve years of age afflicted with a strange mania. She is large for her age, of fine physique, possessed of good features and more than ordinarily prepossessing. She is robust in health and shows great activity and is unusually smart and intelligent, with the exception of this mania. Every night about 80 clock she will go to a neighbor's house to borrow a lantern. Each time she will make a new excuse for doing so. If she succeeding walk. She does not confine herself to the public highway, but wanders about the fields, and frequently in the woods. She does not seem to know what fear is, either of man or beast. She frequently perches herself upon a fence and sits there a long time, dangling her lantern. About 10 o'clock she returns home and goes to bed contented. Her friends, of course, object to these lantern strolls, and she has to steal away. Those of her neighbors who know about them refuse her a lantern. She has a number of times greatly frightened persons, which seems to please her amazingly. She is in no respect wayward, but seems possessed of a strange and fascinating mania for a lantern. narily prepossessing. She is robust in health and

## The Father of Washington Correspondents.

[From the Utica Observer.]
The father of the Washington correspondents is Gen. H. V. Boynton, of the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette. He has been here ever since the war and he won his spurs as a war correspondent. He is now about fifty years old, but is as active as any is now about fifty years old, but is as active as any reporter of twenty-one, and he writes as well now as he ever did in the past. Boynton is pre-eminently a fighter. He is not happy unless he is in a newspaper controversy, and when he enters one he never stops until he wins. He had a fuss with Speaker Kelfer a year or so ago, and the ex-Speaker has, I doubt not, regretted that he ever engaged in the quarrel. Boynton has been spending his force in an attack upon the District Commissioners during the past summer, and I venture that there is not a newspaper correspondent in Washington who has more influence for radical reform than he. He is an especially able writer upon political who has more influence for radical reform than he. He is an especially able writer upon political questions, and he has the politics of the country and its war history at trapen's end. He lives very nicely in Washington and is a strict Presbyterian, as well as a newspaper correspondent.

## And Such is Fame!

[From Judge.] Mrs. Gordon (who don't read the papers very thoroughly)-Who is this Berry Wall whose name I see mentioned 7

Mr. Gordon (pityingly)—Why, my dear, I'm sur prised. The papers have been full of his doings for prised. The papers have been full of his doings for three years. Mrs. Gordon—Well, you know I never did take any interest in politics, don't you?

A Weighty Remark.

[From Puck.] Smith (to Jones, who lives in the spartment overhead)-I say, old fellow, you must have been been awfully full last night. I heard you fall when you got up stairs.

Jones I didn't fall, dear boy. That was my Jones I didn't fall, dear boy, in wife-she dropped a remark as I went in.

WHY lie awake coughing all night when you can be pred for 10c.? ADAMSON'S COUGH BALSAM.

of the morrow's duties. I sat as if moon-

## Choking Catarrh.

Have you awakened from a disturbed sleep with all the corrible sensations of an assassin clutching your throat and pressing the life-breath from your tightened chest Have you noticed the languer and debility that succeed the effort to clear your throat and head of this catarrha natter ?; (What a depressing influence it exerts upon the mind, clouding the memory and filling the head with pains and strange noises! How difficult it is to rid the nasal passages, throat and lungs of this poisonous mucus all can testify who are afflicted with catarrh. How diffcult to protect the system against its further progress lowards the lungs, liver and kidneys, all physicians will admit. It is a terrible disease and cries out for rallef and

dies utterly fail of Sangoun's Rangoat Corne are at tested by thousands who gratefully recommend it to fel-low-sufferers. No statement is made regarding it that cannot be substantiated by the most respectable and re-

liable references.

Each packet contains one bottle of the Rapical CURE, one bot of CATARRHAL SOLVENT and an IMPROVED IN-HALER, with treatise and directions, and is sold by all

POTTER DRUG & GRENICAL CO., BOSTON

KIDNEY PAINS With their weary, dult, sching, lifeiess, allgine sensation, relieved in one minute
by the Crifeura Auti-Pain Planter,
the first and only pain-sudding plaster. Abcultiely univalled as an instantaneous and
infallible antidate to pain, inflammation and weakness,
at all druge its? Je cents, five for \$1, or pestage free, or
POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., flowton, Mass.

#### AT THE DOG POUND.

The Varied Stock in Trade of the Bureau of

At the foot of East Sixteenth street is a low. rambling building, painted a dusky yellow. and bearing the legend, "Entrance to Dog Pound." It is in the rear of this building that the Bureau of Encumbrances has its chief vard. Now, the Bureau of Encumbrances is rather a large name, and one might naturally expect its yards to be proportionally sizable; but it would appear to the casual observer that the yards of this bureau are

observer that the yards of this bureau are hardly of that size which the word encumbrance would seem to warrant. As to the contexts of the yards, if they possess no virtue, they certainly have obtained for themselves an extreme degree of dilapidation. Trucks, carts and wagons of every variety are indiscriminately piled up against the boundaries, where they seem to vie with each other in their efforts to fall to pieces. Some are, of course, in a slightly better condition than others, but all are rapidly becoming fertilizer to enrich the mother who gave them birth. That which was at one time an ice wagon stands tremulously in the centre of the yard; its front wheels have disappeared and the axle which knew them in the past is ignominiously pressed into the mud, where its only joys are the memories of its youth. of its youth.

Stuck in between these once proud rattlers

Stuck in between these once proud rattlers of the pavements are numerous signs whose gaudy letterings may, perchance, at one time have delighted the eyes of the passer-by; but who can tell what ambitions stirred the hearts of those to whom the hanging of a sign meant their entrance upon a successful career? But "time and dull decay" have useless too.

career? But "time and dull decay" have made these useless too.

As one takes leave of there relics of the past and passes into a little building near by, he is brought face to face with another kind of encumbrance. Dogs—that is, well-behaved, intelligent dogs—are pleasant and sometimes even instructive companions; but when one is greeted by a chorus of sixty yelping curs his love of animals is extremely likely to be mastered by his love of harmony—and in that little building are confined some fifty or sixty hitherto stray dogs which have been caught while wandering about the city and shu up in this building to await their execution. When a sufficient number of these encumbrances has been obtained they are unceremoniously thrust into an iron cage and wheeled into thrust into an iron cage and wheeled into East River where their sorrows and they themselves are drowned. And these three, wagons, signs and dogs, form the chief stock in trade of the yards of the Bureau of En-

Out of Place.

cumbrances.

[From Judge.]

A particular old gentleman, pulling something out of his soup that should not have been included among the other ingredients, thus addressed his

cook:
"Josephine, I am much obliged for your thoughtfuluess, but next time kindly give it to me in a locket."

# **Ringing Noises**

In the ears, sometimes a roaring, burring sound snapping like the report of a pistel, are caused by catarrh, that exceedingly disagreeable and very common disease. Loss of smell or hearing also result from satarrh. Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifler, is try Hood's Sarsaparilla, the peculiar medicine

## Pains in the Head

"I used Hood's Sarsaparilla for catarrh, and received reat relief and benefit from it. The catarrh was ver-lisagreeable, especially in the winter, causing constan discharge from my nose, ringing noises in my ears and pains in the back of my head. The effort to clear my head in the morning by hawking and spitting was painful.

Hood's Sarsaparilla gave me relief immediately, while in
time I was entirely circle. I think Hood's Sarsaparilla is worth its weight in gold." Mrs. G. B. Ginn, 1929 St st., Northwest, Washington, D. C.

## Hurrah for Hood's

"I have been troubled with that annoying disease nasal catarrh, and have taken all kinds of blood purifiers but never found relief till I used Hond's Sarsaparilla which I am confident will do all that is claimed. Hurral

# Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar.

an office in Moorgate street. He's a fine old chap—got a pretty daughter, and lots of money." money."

I decided to call on Mr. Forrest, and on reaching his office found him alone and disengaged. I introduced myself, and told him what I had seen, and that from motives of delicacy for the young lady I had not mentioned it, but I thought I would come and inform him of my suspicions.

uoned it, but I thought I would come and inform him of my suspicions.

"Thank you heartily," said he, "I can easily obtain the missing articles; and if you like, I shall have great pleasure in introducing you to my family. If not otherwise engaged, suppose you come over this evening."

Wasn't la heart followed friend.

Was ever such an opportunity given a man? I determined then and there to know fate.

"Grace," said I—I had taken the liberty of addressing her thus before—" did you range over the said in t Wasn't I a happy fellow on leaving that office? Perhaps I didn't congratulate myself that I was naturally of an inquisitive disposition. I could not whistle, of course, nor sincke a cigar—that was against the law—so I

tion. I could not whistle, of course, nor smoke a cigar—that was against the law—so I walked directly back to my business, trying not to look too radiant; but I was so kind to my inferiors that the clerks thought I had been imbibling, or had received a legacy.

I had never had even a passing famey for any lady of my acquaintance, and had thought all women were about alike as regarded beauty. But the name of Grace seemed the most musical in the world. I repeated it settly over to myself while dressing for my visit, and when ready to go took one more look in the glass and called myself an idiot, for it occurred to me that the admiration might be all on one side.

I passed the evening in the presence of Grace Forrest, and went home more hopelessly in love than ever. The days flew by like a pleasant dream, and every evening found me a welcome visitor at Mr. Forrest's house. I found the family well informed, refined and agreeable.

I was invited to attend church with them on Sunday, and then to lunch, which invite—

wonders of the great deep. They have an admirable opportunity to observe something of the won-ders of the human nature, when released from ders of the human nature, when released from some of the conventionalities and given one short week of idleness. According to a pamphlet recently published, the passengers on a popular ship in one year's time, will drink 16,000 quarts of champagne, 15,000 of claret, 9,200 bottles of other wines, 50,000 bottles of ale and porter, 175,000 of mineral waters, and 34,000 of aprilis. They will smoke in the same time 64,000 curars and 56,000 cigarettes, and use 34,300 pounds of tobacco in other forma. This is a pretty good showing for the smokers and drinkers, but everybody eats, and the eaters on the ship make a still more remarkable inroad upon the stores. According to the authority referres to, more than two million pounds of meat are consumed, representing 4,356 sheep, 1,800 lambs, and 9,414 oxen. Twenty-one thousand pounds of tea and 71,770 pounds of coffee are sweetened by 295,100 pounds of sugar, while \$31,600 eggs are cooked in every style imaginable. Some of the other items are: One and one-half tons mustard, one and three-fourits tons pepper, 7, 716 bottles of pickles, 5,000 tins of sarvines, 5,000 jars of jams, 400 tons of flour, 920 tons of potatoes, 50,000 gress and 23 tons of biscuit. Plainly, Dr. Bes Franklin's directions for preparing to embark would need revising now.

What an Ocean Steamer Con

They that "go down to the sea in ships" is

hese modern times see something more than the

OAKLEY.—On Sunday, Nov. 13, at Rahway, N. J., JOHN T. OAKLEY, aged 66 years, Friends of the deceased are respectfully invited to attend the funeral from his late residence, Grand street, Rahway, Thursday, Nov. 17, at 2 P. M. Carriages meet 12 o'clock train from New York.

AMUSEMENTS.

5 TH AVE. THEATRE.
Proprietor and Manager. Mr. JOHN STETSON
POSITIVELY LAST WEEK.

MRS. POTTER

in first presentation in America of LOVAL LOVE SUPPORTED BY MR. KVRLE BELLEW by courtesy of Mr. Henry E. Abber, of Wallack's AND MR. JOSEPH HA WORTH.

MONDAY NOW 21

McCAULI, UP: RA COMPANY, Presenting the Hadoo Comic Opera, THE BEGUM.

## DOCKSTADER'S. BLACK FAUST.

Spiendid Scenery, Costumes, Singing and Electrics
THE GREAT FIRST PART,
EVENINGS, 8.30. BATURDAY MATINEE, 2.30.

HARRIGAN'S PARK THEATRE.
M. W. HANLEY EDWARD HARRIGAN
IN CORDELIA'S ASPIRATIONS.
Dave Braham and his popular orchestraWEDNESDAY MATINE SATURDAY.
PETE, Nov. 22.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE J. M. HILL, Manager,
SOTH PERFORMANCE TO. NIGHT,
ELABORATE SQUVENIRS.

# Robson and Crane IN BRONSON HOWARD'S GREAT COMEDY. THE HENRIETTA. "Mr. Brunsen Howard's new comedy has scored."—Sun. H. R. JACOBS'S SD AVE. THEATRE,

Cor. 3d ave. and 31st st.

PRICES. 10C,
Reserved Seats
20c., 30c., & 50c.

PRICES. 10C,
MATINEE TO-DAY,
THE WACES OF SIX,
Nov. 21, BENJ. MAGINLEY "INSHAVOGUE." GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.

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GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.

GRESSITE STREET OF THE STREET OF

14 TH STREET THEATRE—CORNER CTH AVE.

Matiness Wednesday and Sasurday.

LAST WEEK OF

GEO, M. K.NIGHT.

In Bronson Howards and David Belasco's new play.

MONDAY, NOV. 21—DENMAN THOMPSON.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

STAR THEATRE.

MR. HENRY IRVING.

MISS KILEN TERRY.

and the Lyceum Company Every Evening and Saturd

Matines.

Matines.

FAUND.

Saturday Evening, LOUIS XL.

Madison square theatre.

Mar. A. M. PALLMER
Begins at 8.99 Saturday Matines 44.

THE MARTYR.

WITH A STRONG CAST.

CASINO, BROADWAY AND 39TH ST.

Evenings at 8. Matines Saturday 52.

The sparkling Comic Opera

THE MARQUIS

Received with roars of laughter.

THE MARTYR.

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Concerts Daily. Admission to all, 50c.

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THIRD MONTEL

EVENINGS AT 8, MATINER SATURDAY AT 2

The Phenomenally Successful Melodrama, The Phenomenally Successful Melodrama, A DARK SECRET. RESERVED SEATS, 50c., 75c. and \$1.

BIJOU OPERA-HOUSE BURLESQUE, RICE'S Rice's Sunptuous Production, BURLESQUE COMPANY.

6 ARTISTS, Ever at 8 (sharp), Maxwed & Satast ...

MONKEY MUSEUM, 728-730 BROADWAY.

SHOW moon till 10 P. M. Thousands of starting curiosities. Admission, 25c.; children, 186. I YCEUM THEATRE. Sthave, and 23d st. Every evening at 8,15, and Saturday Matines. THE WIFE Walcot, Wheaterst, Dickson; Missel THE WIFE Cayen, Henderson, Dillon, &c., &c.

POOLE'S THEATRE—STH ST, AND 4TH AVE, 10c., 20c., 30c., Mainees Mon., Wed., Thur., 56c., DOMINIUK MURRAY in RIGHT'S RIGHT, with Marvellons Mechanical and Scenic Rects., Next Week THE TUCKET-OF-LEAVE MAN. TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE

MATINEES TUESDAY AND FRI Howard Atheneum Specialty Co. WALLACK'S.
LAST PERFORMANCE OF
TO-MORROW, TUESDAY EVENING, NOV. 18,
SCHOOL.

tions were seconded by a blush and smile tions were seconded by a blush and smile from Grace that always settled the question. One evening after tea we adjourned to the drawing room, and were chatting pleasantly, when Mrs. Forrest was called from the room

'I am sure I thank you very much," said ace. "But the idea of offering you a re-"I am sure I thank you very much," said Grace. "But the idea of offering you a reward"—
"Oh, I shall claim one!" I interrupted, growing bold. "It is this little hand!"
But I sha'n't tell you how she answered, or what more was said, only the old folks opened the door very unexpectedly, while my arm was round her waist, and her head upon my shoulder.

was round her waist, and her head upon my shoulder.

I heard some very pleasant words from Mr. and Mrs. Forrest, but I forgot them.

I flattered myself it was very well done, and Grace, learning the whole story after marriage, resolved to promenade in future in daylight, and in full dress.



tus Browning. I be lieve, at one time, some

pure as a snowdrop and modest as a daisy, with a sweet voice and dainty ways; with eyes that might flash, yet be controlled by the gentler power of love. Not withstanding the match-making propensities of my friends. I remained steadfastly a bachelor until thirty, and enjoyed heartily my single blessedness. The ladies will doubtless think that during this time my garments were without buttons, and my hosiery with more than the proper apertures; but such was not the case, Mrs. Vail, my landlady, being in charge thereof. She was a very nice housekeeper, and a woman who had seen better days, or at least happier ones, if one might judge from occasional remarks made pure as a snowdrop and modest as a daisy.

partners the next year.

At Mrs. Vail's, my room was the second floor front, and afforded me a good view of all that transpired in the street; and as I was

evenings in a comfortable easy-chair by the window, smoking fragrant cigars, building castles in the air and watching the occupants Some one at my elbow says: "You ought to have been ashamed of yourself:" but I do

I am a man who cannot even now resist paying homage to every bit of womanhood I see; therefore when this pleasure was to be my evening's entertainment, can you wonder that I remained at home, nothing else offer-

I thought to myself she was just as sweet now as she was then, if not sweeter.

"I have heard," continued Mrs. Vail,
"that when young she was a somnambulist, but she may have got over it. I've not heard of it lately. I'm very little acquainted with them; but it's a good thing to know one's neighbors, in case of fire or any accident happening:"—which sensible remark finished, I roamed in fancy with the beautiful unknown, while visions of operas and hairbreadth escapes were mingled in delightful confusion.

"Rather a dangerous young lady to marry,

diately after tea sought my room and looxing-glass to take an inventory of my personal attractions. I came to the conclusion that I was a good-looking fellow, and I'd go in and win—if I could. But I must tell you of my-self, and leave you to judge.

I am not what the ladies call a love and a perfect little dear of a man. On the contrary, I am tall, rather stout, with fair complexion, hazel eyes, and brown hair that, although cut short, will curl in spite of fate; a mouth too womanly for one of the sterner sex, and teeth that render a smile irresistible. Men know when they are admired.

I took my post at the window, and observed that the family were moving about, dressed as if to receive company. My heart beat fast with jealous fear. Perhaps some lover is expected; or it might be a marriage.

"Have I, then, wasted my time." I soliloquized, "while some miserable fellow has walked in and borne away the prize?"

Just then, Grace entered the drawing-room

Allen

opposite, more beautiful than ever, and very

opposite, more beautiful than ever, and very soon the guests began to arrive.

They danced and sang, and I was in a fine stute of misery as I watched the attentions bestowed upon Grace. I waited until every quest, had departed, and satisfied myself there was no whispered "Good night" for any favored one. After every light had disappeared, I was still disinclined for alsep, spite

struck, thinking of the future and wondering how I might gain entrance to its, to me, en-chanting portals.

It was past midnight, and I was gazing at

earthing for something lost, but at last came

Any person giving information leading to the discovery of a full set of coral, taken from the residence of Mr. James Forrest, Chestnut street. Islington, will be liberally rewarded. Apply, &c.

previons.
"What! Mr. James Forrest?" asked one of the clerks. "He is a lawyer, and has got

It was past midnight, and I was gazing at the innumerable stars shining so far away in the deep blue heavens, when my attention was attracted by the appearance of a ghostly looking figure gliding about over the roof of our opposite neighbor's house.

"What, in the name of common sense, is that?" I asked myself, and rubbed my eyes to see if I might be dreaming, but no, it was still flitting from one side to the other, as if searching for something lost, but at last came was the searching for something lost, but at last came searching for something lost, but at last came to the eave near a chimney, and depositing a small parcel in it, turned and glided away as swiftly as it had appeared. I remembered Mrs. Vall's words, and resolved that the woman I intended to bestow my name upon should take no more nocturnal rambles. Thinking I had seen quite enough for one night, I sought my pillow, and was soon asteep.

asleep.
Glancing at the paper the morning after, while waiting for breakfast, my eve fell on the following advertisement:

"Now," thought I, "I'll attend to that little matter myself with all the pleasure in the world." The fates were at last propitious. My actions must have been strange, however, as Mrs. Vail kindly inquired if I was as well as usual that morning.

Once at my place of business, I remarked that our neighbors over the way, at Islington, had been robbed the evening but one

to attend to one of the younger members of the family; and soon Mr. Forrest followed suit as unceremoniously as if I were an old

cover the articles purloined from your jewel-box?"

"Oh, you saw that, did you? Yes, I got them, but papa was very quiet about it, and would say nothing about the reward."

"Well," said I, "I know something about that myself; and if I thought I should not offend. I might tell you."

"I know papa would not care," said Grace, for he told me to find out, if I could."

"I believe, then," said I, "that I will claim the reward, as I am the man who informed your father of their hiding place."

"I am sure I thank you very much," said

my own ideas of a wife. I knew I should find somewhere in this great world a woman

HOW I WON MY WIFE.: mY name is Augus.

of my friends had serious fears that I would of matrimony. At all never enter the state events, each friend would make me such a nice wife. What had I done, to be so unmercifully persecuted.

by her, and the fact that she occupied a by her, and the fact that she occupied a house of her own—a three-story one—in a pleasant street in Ialington.

I had breakfast and tea at the house, but dined in the city; for, being head clerk in a large wholesale house, I found it necessary to look carefully after the interests of my employers, considering likewise I was working for myself, as I expected to be one of the

not acquainted with my neighbors, not even knew their names. I used to sit on summer evenings in a comfortable easy-chair by the

to have been ashamed of yourself;" but I do
not know that I have ever regretted it.
I discovered that a beautiful girl glided
gracefully about the house in drapery that
seemed to envelope her like a delicate summer cloud. I noticed her little caressing
ways about the loved ones, and of course it
must have been the "maiden fair to see"
whose voice I heard trilling away as only
birds and maidens can.
I am a man who cannot even now resist

that I remained at home, nothing else offering any attraction?

I ventured to ask one morning who our
neighbors were over the way, whereupon
Mrs. Vall said: "Oh, that is Mr. Forrest's
house. They have lived there for many
years, for I remember their daughter Grace
when she was a little wee thing—she used to
look so sweet in her white frock and corals."

I thought to myself she was just as sweet

capes were mingled in delightful confusion.

'Rather a dangerous young lady to marry,
Mrs.Vail," said I, my dream being over.

'Bless me! you don't think of marrying,
do you, Mr. Browning?" said she, looking
alarmed—I suppose the thought of losing me
was insupportable.

"Well, not at present," said I.
All day long I thought of Grace, and immediately after tea sought my room and looking.glass to take an inventory of my personal
attractions. I came to the conclusion that I